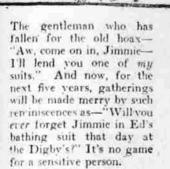
AMONG US MORTALS

SECOND-HAND By RICHARD VINCENT CULTER





In the curriculum of upper Lenox Avenue it isn't "What the woman will wear." It's what the women





The Sweet Young Thing with her second-hand husband and his family. Second-hand articles of this kind are very liable to prove to be antiques at short notice and are hard to get rid of.

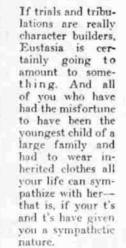




"George, what size shoes do you wear?" "Oh, seveneight - nine - ten-eleven—Ah doan weah no pertikuler size, sah."



The season of the year means nothing to the janitor whose headgear depends altogether upon the rubbish in the dumbwaiters. Hence he blithely chops ice from the sidewalk in a straw chapeau and dons this natty little ventilated derby for the torrid season.





The Cheerful Bromider who has a quotation to fit every emergency. "Now, dearie—don't trouble trouble until trouble troubles you—and, remember, it's always darkest just before dawn," etc., etc. It always helps so much.



You see, my maid is friendly with their maid, and she told me And then comes some secondhand information regarding "a certain person — you know who I mean," that somehow never loses a thing in retelling.

Reading the Will. It seems that dear old Uncle Sid, whose successful business career started with robbing a bank in his youth, hurying the money, serving a term in the pen, coming out, digthe pen, coming out, dig-ging up the money, and loan-ing it out on mortgages to wid-ows, most of which he foreclosed (the mortgages—not the wid-ows)—has up and died, But sec-ond-hand money, however tainted, is never objectionable,

